Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man, *Pompion* the great sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we will take some care.

King. Berowne, they will shame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his company.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man serue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one, my faire sweet honie Monarch: For I protest the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantasticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they say) to *Fortuna de la guar*, I wish you the peace of minde most royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies; He presents *Hector* of [illegible]roy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Parish

Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armad*
dant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if th
first shew thriue, these foure will ch
other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the first she

Kin. You are deceiued, 'tis not s

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart,
and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the w
Cannot pricke out fiue such, take e

Kin. The ship is vnder saile, and

Enter Pomp

Clow. I *Pompey am.*

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I *Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards head on kn

Ber. Well said old mocker,
I must needs be friends with thee.

Clow. I *Pompey am, Pompey su*

Du. The great.

Clow. It is great sir: *Pompey sur*
That oft in field, with Targe and S
did make my foe to sweat:
And trauelling along this coast, I h
And lay my Armes before the legs
If your Ladiship would say thankes

La. Great thankes great *Pompe*

Clow. Tis not so much worth
made a litle fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pomp

Enter Curate for

Curat. *When in the world I lin'd, I*
By East, West, North, & South, I
My Scutcheon plaine declares that

Boyet. Your nose says no, you
For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smels no, in this

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3